# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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## CROWN HIM NOW.

Year after year with a glad contrast
In and out of our home he went—
In and out.
Year for us the skies were clear;
His heart carried the care and fear,
The care and doubt.

Our hands laid with a curious hold,
All that he was of power and gold,
In tall and pale;
O dear friend that our darling bore—
Hands that shall fall for us no more—
Never again!

Oh! it was hard to leave our boy,
Bearing daily the heavy cross—
The cross he bore;
To see with an aching heart and look
"Hand to God that the love now had
Were love continuous."

For when the late we hold his light
Was gone away from our speech and sight,
Its fellow years,
In passionate words of fond regret,
We promised gold could pay the debt
Of thankless years.

Oh, now, while the bright love lingers near,
Grudge not the tender words of cheer,
Leave none unsaid;
For a heart can have no colder fate
Than some day to weep—too late—
And find love dead!

—Harper's Weekly.

### Tariff Dismissed Over a Corpse.

One of the best stories illustrative of the interest taken by the masses in the tariff question is told by Congressman Outhwaite, of Ohio. During the campaign a worthy citizen of one of the small towns in his district was called hence, and at the funeral a new minister who had been but a few weeks in the neighborhood officiated. Not having had the pleasure of the deceased's intimate acquaintance he said in his discourse that he could not praise his virtues and good deeds with that degree of partisanship and understanding which he thought appropriate, and after making some general remarks invited the deceased man's neighbors to step forward and say something of his character and his services to society and his family. But no one arose. There was a long pause, and then the minister repeated his invitation. Still no response. Finally an old farmer sitting in the rear of the room rose somewhat timidly, and said, "It 'pears that no one has anything to say for the corpse, an' therefore, if it be all the same to you, I will make a few remarks on the tariff."—Chicago Herald.

### A Government Museum.

Connected with the dead letter office is a sort of museum, where curious articles that come in the mails and cannot be returned to owners are placed on exhibition. In the cabinets, which extend round the room, are shown articles innumerable and varied, many of which have histories. There are pictures and toys and jewelry without number. Several Indian hatchets which were unclaimed give to one of the cabinets an archæological appearance, and a pair of Indian pipes of red sandstone cross each other in truly peaceful style.

One of the rare curiosities is a sheet of parchment on which is printed the Lord's prayer in fifty-four languages. It is said to be a duplicate of a parchment which hangs in St. Peter's at Rome. It came to this country in the mail from Europe in 1842, and as there was no trace of its origin and no owner for it was discovered here, it was sent to the dead letter office, and has been there ever since.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Bats in Cold Weather.

At the beginning of the cold weather bats begin to huddle together in regular bagnios in hollow trees, dark corners in deserted houses or in caves in the rocks. They gradually lose all sensibility and continue in a drowsy state until the return of genuine warm weather. The little hooks at the end of the joints of each wing of a bat are what the bat hangs itself up by when it goes to sleep.

When the bats are clustering for their winter's sleep one of the number hangs itself in the way, head downward and the others cling to it. It is said that sixty bats have been found in one cluster, the entire weight of the lot being sustained by the one bat with his hooks clinging to whatever he fastened them to at the start. The position of the original bat in such a cluster would be like that of a man hanging to something by his thumb nails and supporting the weight of fifty-nine other men. Bats that have obtained the outside position in bunches of this kind have been found so badly frozen that their wings could be broken like brittle candy, yet, on putting them in a warm place, they soon "thawed out" and came to life as if nothing had happened to them.—Detroit Free Press.

### Electricity for Underground Traction.

The success of the new City and South London railway has given a tremendous impetus to electric traction in England, and apropos of the electric locomotives which are used on the new line, a London paper says: One great benefit of the electric railway remains to be mentioned. It sounds the death knell of steam locomotive underground lines. As soon as people realize that electric railways can work properly, the steam locomotive must go from all short lines.

### How a Quaker Cuckoo Startled.

When Pius, the Bust of Quakers, was sitting in church, and the preacher said anything which he didn't like, he moved solemnly, put on his hat and kept it on until the disagreeable remarks continued. Here arose the Quaker custom of wearing hats in church.—Chatter and Parodies.

The reservation Indians in various parts of the west have still 100,000,000 acres of land left.

The burning to death of babies in two more frontier families can serve a useful purpose to parents who look their children in the house and grainery and have them while they themselves spend the evening abroad. In one of the families two other children fondled a bottle under the baby.

An exchange complains of the presence of babies at public banquets, and says it should not be encouraged because the babies will talk. Perhaps if the adults all cooings will something worth hearing the women would not chatter. One might venture to say that they are silent enough when Chauncey Depew or Mark Twain speaks.

Not the least of the wonderful things about our great country is the fact that a journey of two days here within its boundaries is one day. On the same day recently there was a terrible wind storm along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. Houses were blown down, large trees were hurled across roads and railway tracks, and telegraph wires were thrown down for many miles. At the same hour in Cincinnati the hearing snow known in years was coming down so furiously that it interfered with the electric current and turned out the double trolley street car motors. Now turn the flash light upon Sioux Falls, S. D. There the sun was shining serenely, and the most delightful Christmas weather ever known prevailed, balmy as the air of summer. Street sprinklers were out.

### Gen. F. E. Spinner.

The treasurer of the United States with the unconmfortefitable signature passed the last year of his life in orange in Florida for his health. With his death passes away one more of the few leading men left to us from the thrilling times of the war. Unlike many of the others, however, Gen. Spinner lived to a good old age, thanks to a strong, serene soul. He was 80 years old at the time of his death.

Gen. Spinner was one of the most unfortunately useful men of the war time. He started in life as an anti-slavery Democrat, and was elected to congress on that issue. When the Republican party was organized, he joined it and twice served in congress as a Republican. In congress he demonstrated that he had a "head for figures," consequently Secretary of the Treasury Chase chose him for United States treasurer in the days of Lincoln's first administration and of government greenbacks. He held this office for fourteen years, beginning in March, 1861.

The one reason for which Gen. Spinner will always be famous was the introducing of women clerks into the departments at Washington. He did it when men clerks were enlisting in the army, and consequently more help was needed in the treasury than could readily be obtained. The treasurer encountered the bitterest opposition to the innovation, but he kept his head on and carried it through. The only way he preserved the women's places for them safe from the attacks of politicians was to scale down the wages of the female clerks to less than that paid to men in the same grades. Thus the women's offices ceased to be an object of desire to the patriot with a vote.

Erastus Wiman says we cannot course Canada to become part of the United States, and the public sentiment of the Dominion is universally opposed to such union. The only thing left to us, therefore—a thing which would be of incalculable benefit to both countries—would be absolute free trade between the two. This would develop Canada and sell a new outlet to manufactured goods from the United States. Millions upon millions would flow into our pockets annually from reciprocity, for Canada and the United States belong together geographically, and need each other.

### Read What You Want to Know.

It is quite impossible to lay down rules for reading that will suit all children, and generally difficult to map out a "course" to be inflexibly pursued by any one. But nearly every mind is or can be interested in something, and a very good plan is to encourage reading concerning the subject the child shows some curiosity about. One thing will certainly lead to another, for nothing is isolated in this world. Try to find out all you can about one thing, one fact in history, one person, the habits of one animal, the truth about one historical character; pursue this, and before you know it you will be a scholar in many things.

Do not forget that reading is a means to an end. The indulgence of it is good or bad according to the end in view. The mind is benefited by pursuing some definite subject until it is understood, but it is apt to be impaired by idly nibbling now and then, tasting a thousand things and swallowing none, in short, by desultory reading.—St. Nicholas.

### A Mistaken Impression.

Mrs. Washington (reminiscently)—Mr. W., did you say to Mr. Georgeps that I was a Tartar?

Mr. W. (deprecatingly)—I may have done so, my dear, but I added that you were the very cream of tartars.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

### A Quaker War.

New City—Pinero, Sam, the Sic's out, and the cash want to know where's the money.

Mirton—We don't keep because, but if you are in a hurry you will find a small keg of powder in my husband's room.—Life.

### Making the Visitation Short as Possible.

Blue—When shall I ask mother to come and spend the day, George?

Br—Say day but June the 22d; that is the longest day in the year.—Once a Week.

## RACING WITH THE WIND.

### Adventurous Experience of a Lineman on a Railroad Telegraph.

James De Roe, a lineman employed by the Great Northern Railway company, accomplished a feat which, while it was in a great extent involuntary, is no less remarkable. De Roe is furnished by the company with one of those bicycles so constructed as to run on the regular railway tracks. The machine works with a hand lever, and the speed of ten miles or more an hour is quite commonly attained. De Roe accomplished the extraordinary feat of keeping up with a down line train, running thirty miles an hour, for a distance of twenty miles. He wouldn't do it again, he says, for $10,000. He was waiting in the yards for the 7:30 train to Minneapolis to pass him.

The train passed all right and stopped for a few seconds with the tail coach close to where De Roe stood with his machine. That gentleman conceived a brilliant idea. He would take a turn with a section of No. 6 wire on one of the coach buffers, make the other end fast to his wheel and save labor. The connection was made in such a way that he calculated he could release himself by cutting the wire when the speed was too high. He climbed upon the train started up to think what a snap he was going to have in getting to Coon. The train was a fraction of a minute late, though, and the speed ran up to twenty miles in no time. De Roe saw with alarm that the wire wheel on the other track was jumping a few chains of the rail every few seconds. He determined to cut the wire, and reached round behind for his pliers.

They were gone. The unusual motion had jarred them out of the tool box. The speed was up to twenty-five miles an hour now and the trees were spinning along on two wheels, with the beam carrying the third fanning the air like a kite tail.

De Roe was working hard to unwind the connection with his fingers when there was a gigantic plunge. A telegraph lineman shot through the air like a meteor and landed in a sand bank beside the track. A railroad trycycle kept going and in thirty feet further on a badly wrecked vehicle.

The concern had run off the track.—St. Paul Globe.

### A Few Portraits.

The following is an exquisite portrait in miniature of one of Talleyrand's early friends:

Nobody ever appeared to me to possess a conversational charm comparable to hers. She had no pretentiousness; her words never bore, if I may say so, any striking color; she spoke in delicate shadings; no silliness ever fell from her lips; that would have been too violent. Witticisms are remembered, whereas she only sought to please, and that the words be forgotten. An abundant stock of facile, new and ever delicate expressions supplied the varied requirements of her intelligence.

This lady has inspired me with a thorough aversion for people who, in order to speak the mere accurately, use none but technical terms. I have no faith in the brain power, or in the science, of persons who are ignorant of equivalents, and go on forever defining; it is to their mendacity alone they are indebted for what they know, and accordingly they know it badly. I am sorry that this remark should have occurred to me during M. de Humboldt's stay in Paris, but now it is penned let it remain.—Talleyrand's Memoirs in Century.

### Is Poetry a Defunct Art?

Sculptors, singers, painters there must always be; but need there be poets any longer, since the world has discovered how to say all it wants to say in prose? Will any one who has anything of importance to communicate be likely, for the future, to communicate it though the medium of metrical language? A large number of thoughtful persons at the present time are undoubtedly disposed to answer in the negative, although a certain decency forbids them openly to say so. Plenty of clever people secretly regard the Muse as a disinguished old lady of good family, who has been a beauty and a wit in her day, but who really rules by sufferance only in these years of her decline. They whisper that she is sinking into second childhood, repeats herself when she converses, and has exchanged her early liberal tastes for a love of what is pretentious, tagnisca and Kalmuck.—Edmund Gosse in Forum.

### Flexible Carapaceds.

The carrying of a thin skinned horse is often an operation as trying to the temper of the groom as to the hide of the animal, and a considerable amount of practical philanthropy is embodied in such inventions as a flexible carapaceds, which has recently made its appearance. The comb has a leather back and teeth made of coppered wire. The points of the teeth are rounded and flexible, and thus while effectually cleaning the skin they obviate the excessive irritation suffered by many horses. It is claimed that by this construction all the good points of the softest rubber combs and those made with sharp teeth are combined, and this one comb will take the place of two.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Much Gold Used for Gilding.

Gilding on metals and porcelain consumes large amounts of the precious metal. About 1,000 ounces of the gold are used in Birmingham every week, and in the Staffordshire potteries some seven to ten thousand ounces of gold are used per annum. Photographers employ a great deal of this metal in the shape of chloride of gold, or "sel d'or," a compound salt used for intensifying or toning the photographic image.

The production of gold leaf is a very important industry. The product is extensively used for gilding picture frames, and for other kinds of mechanical gilding, such as that which is applied to the binding of books and the edges of the leaves.


**Scrofula**

In its most manifest and most general of all diseases. A remedy is safely the fount, while thousands everywhere are its sufferer cures. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured others, among every from all sources. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured others, among every from all sources. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured others, among every from all sources